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POLLARD - IN MEMORIAM

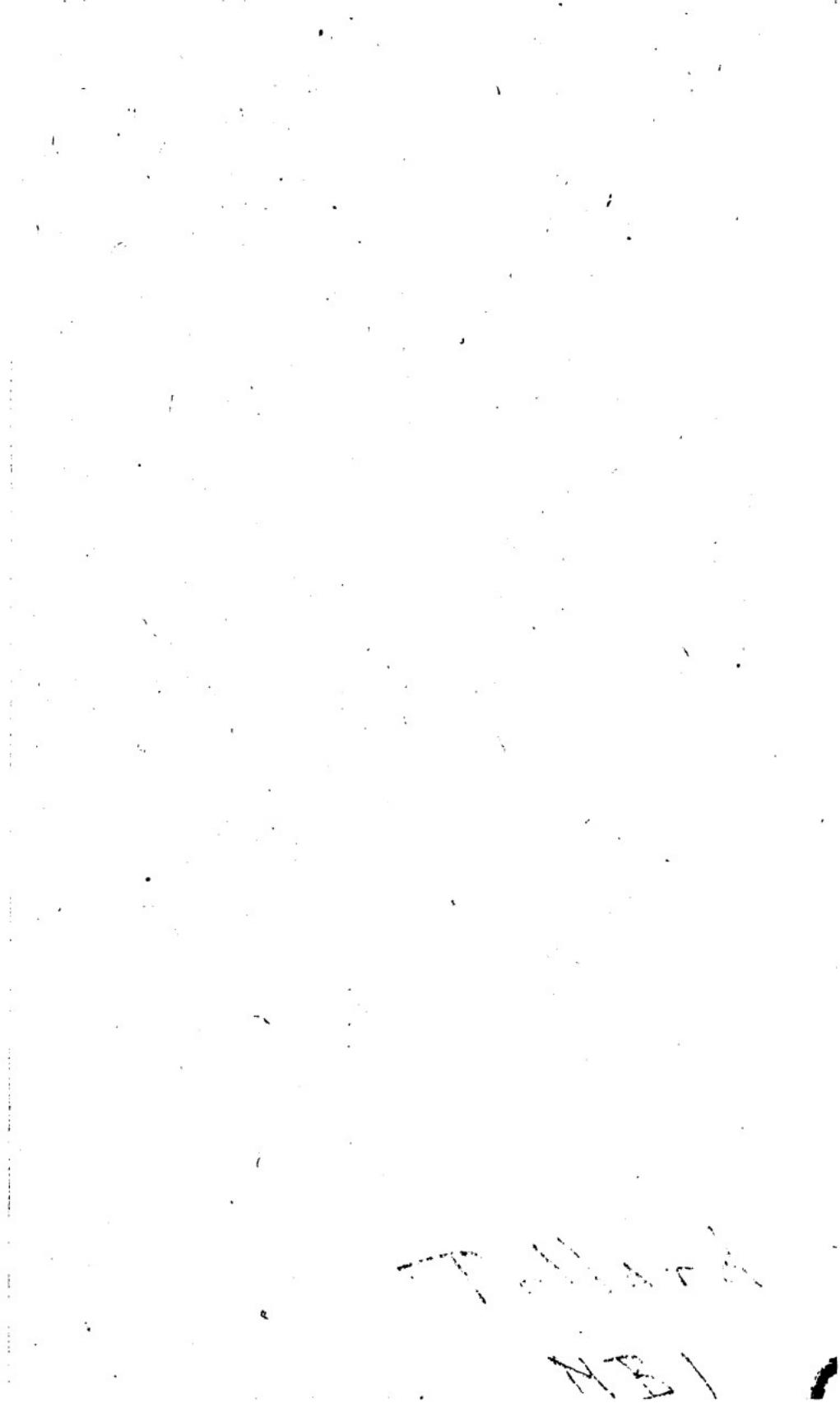
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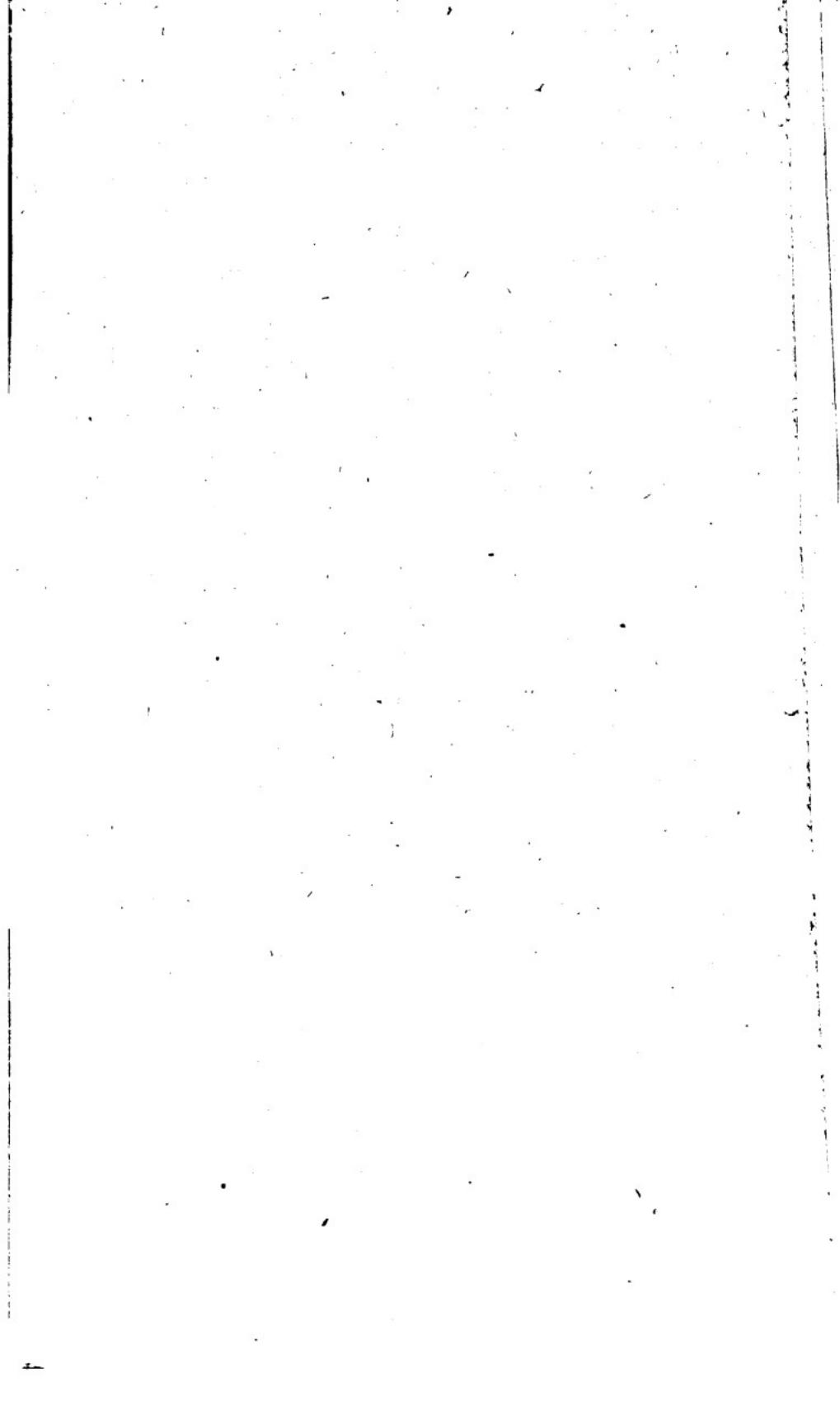


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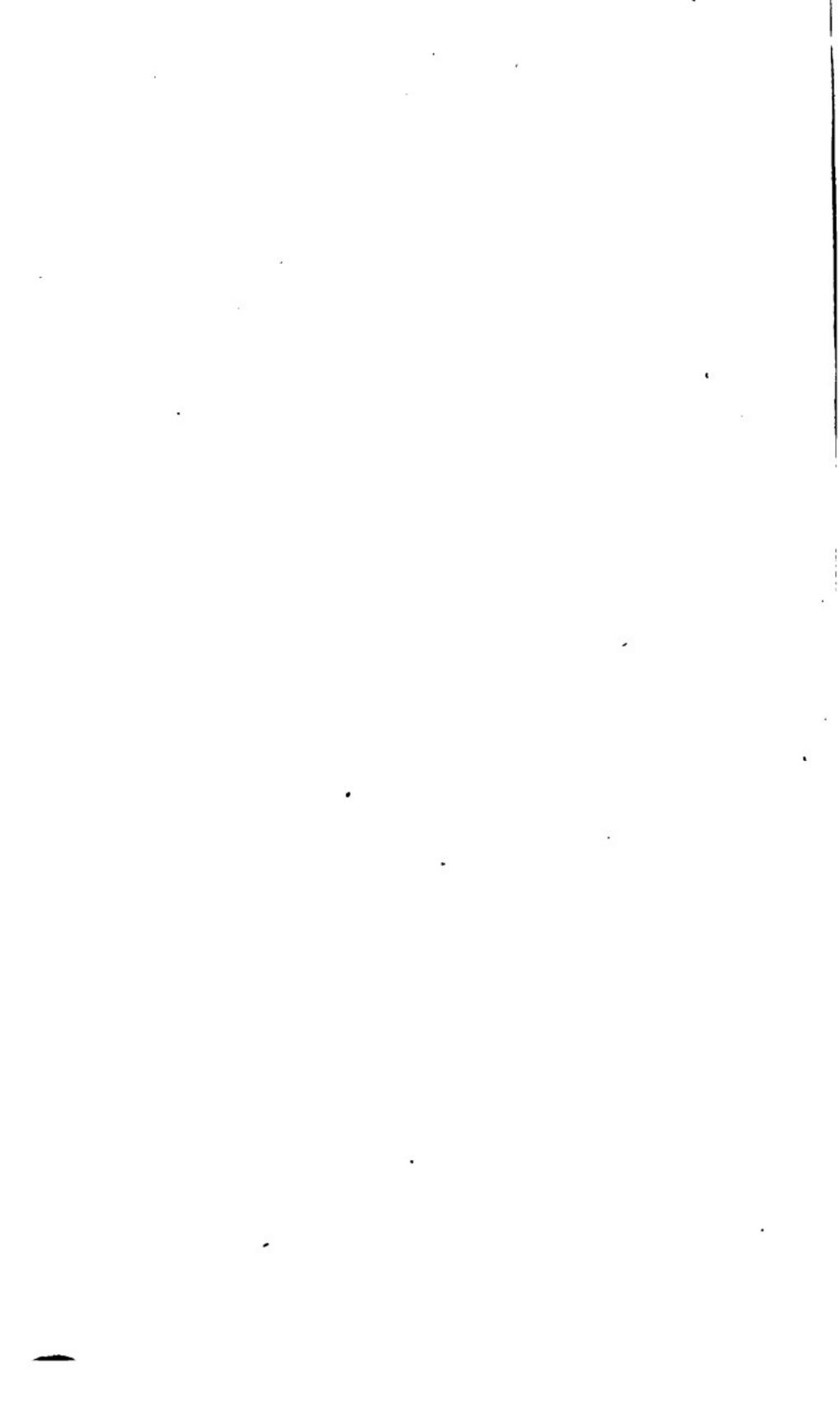
POLLARD - IN MEMORIAM











IN MEMORIAM.

M A Y M I E .

APRIL 6TH, 1869.

BY

KATE HARRINGTON.

R. (S.) Poland

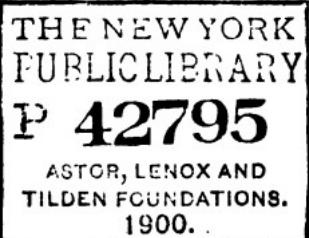
MEMPHIS

LONDON

KEOKUK, IOWA:

GATE CITY PRINTING AND PUBLISHING HOUSE.

1870.



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DEDICATION.

IOWA.

BEST name! significant of peace profound;
Of sleep unbroken—of calm, quiet rest;
My brightest moments in thy arms I've found,
And laid my dearest treasures on thy breast!
And now, when cherished hopes and joys are dead,
Before I turn to sing the vanished Past,
I breathe my benediction on thy head,
And pledge thee true devotion to the last.

I thank thee for each vine-clad hill and vale,
For each rejoicing stream that flows between;
For Springs returning bloom and Autumn's gale,
For billowy blossoms on thy seas of green;
For every bright-winged bird that lent its voice
To cheer the ear and make the earth less sad;
For every sound that bade HIS heart rejoice,
And every scene that made HER young heart glad.

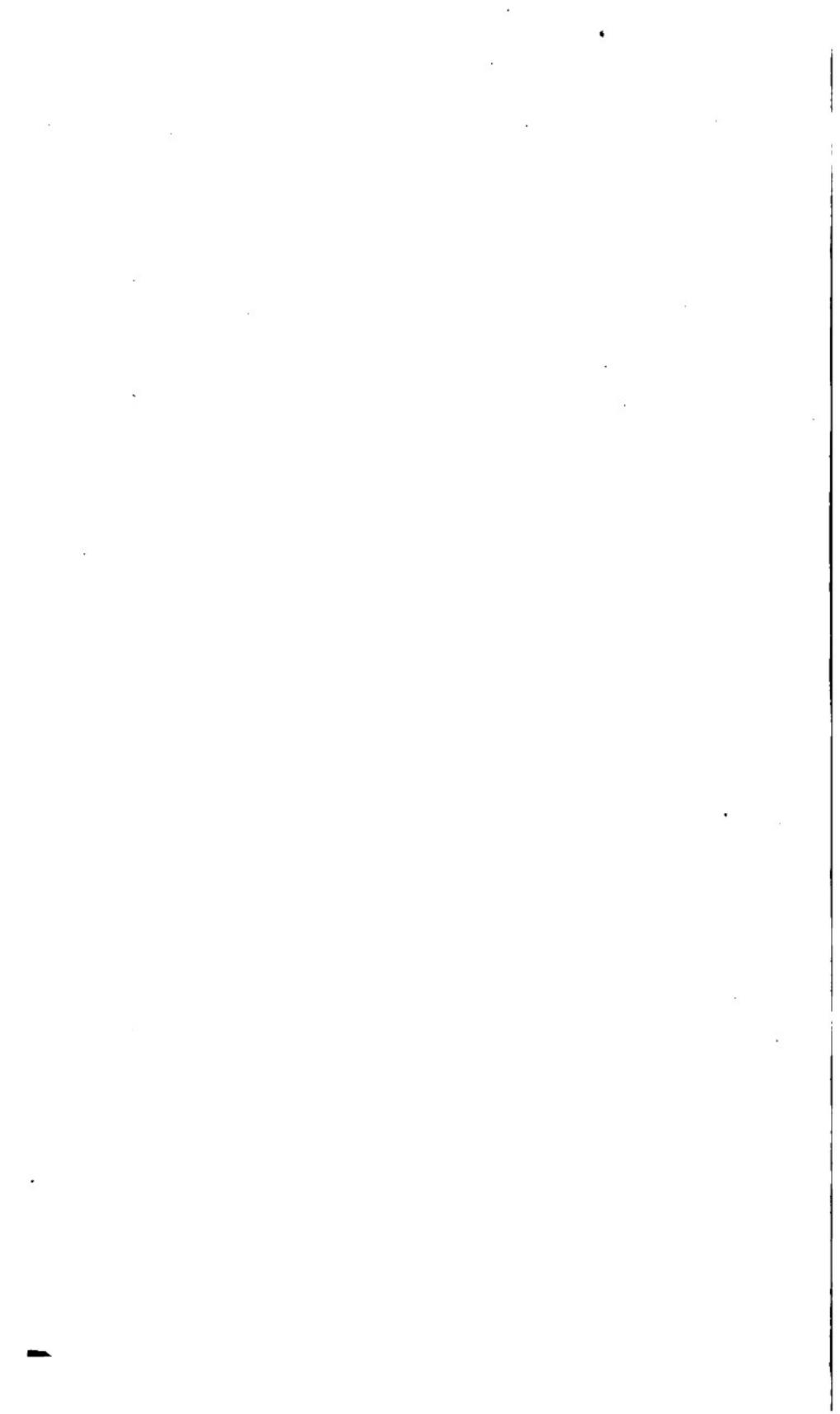
'T was here the vows were breathed that made us one;
And here the parting words in grief were spoken;
Here, too, her brief and fleeting life begun,
And here the "golden bowl" by death was broken,
For this, I lay my tribute at thy feet,
And on thy constant bosom pour my tears.
For this, my opening lay, thy name would greet.
And link it with mine own through coming years,

Wilt thou not gather all thy children here
Who mourn, despairing, o'er some buried joy;
A life, unto their inmost souls most dear,
A cherished daughter, or a darling boy?
And bid them sit with me to hear my dirge,
And tell me if they feel a kindred woe;
If the deep waves of sorrow round them surge,
And threaten to o'erwhelm them in their flow ?

If thou can't find a mother who has loved
And lost a child as dear as mine to me—
It matters little what her station proved,
Or of what nation, race or tribe she'd be—
I'll place her sympathy beyond all price—
I'll give her confidence and perfect trust;
Such friendship true and strong as never dies,
But lives when lips that pledged it turn to dust.

O! where can sorrowing ones as well be found
As here, upon Iowa's verdant plain?
The marble stone and the unlettered mound
Both tell how human blood has flowed like rain.
And these not half that heard the battle cry
And sprang, responsive to their country's call;
But never more returned with kindling eye,
To greet the waiting ones who gave their all.

To thee and them my burthened heart I bring:
To thee and them I dedicate my lay;
The mothers, chilled like me, by Death's dark wing,
And thee that hold'st for them their pulseless clay.
"Here let me rest" until my summons come;
Then let me sweetly sleep in thine embrace;
Beside the dust of those first welcomed home,
Prepare thy bosom for my resting place.



M A Y M I E.

A P R I L.

HAIL! holiest month of all the year!
Meet emblem of a smile and tear!
Though calmer tones my lips would frame,
My voice still trembles with the name
To which sad memory fondly turns,
As mourning friends to hallowed urns,
And cries, as falls the blinding tear,
“Hope, joy, life, all are buried here!”

Words are too weak to sing thy praise
Thou blessedest of all the days,
Sweet April, child of other years,
That came with smiles and went with tears;
Whose morning beams seemed sent to trace
An image in a sacred place,
A dearer self whose love should be
Mine own throughout eternity.

My heart was such a lonesome thing,
Unfed by Love's exhaustless spring
Save the pure streams that ever flow
From kindred bosoms here below.
And friendships, too, it claimed and shared.
Yet these were empty, when compared
With what, from out each secret fold,
It gave for what it learned to hold.

Who dares to say when first we met?
I ask'd it then, I ask it yet.
True, my fond heart leaps up to sing,
"An April day in early spring."
(Sweet memory! thou can'st never die,
The clasped hand, the kindling eye,
The recognition of the soul
That baffles will and spurns control!)

But surely we had met before,
Perchance on some elysian shore
Before our spirits came to stay
Within a prison-house of clay.
I mind me how, in after days,
He sat and wove in poet lays
This very thought, and bade me try
To frame a metrical reply:

“Did we not meet in soul communion, long
Before we gazed upon each other’s face,
And, in the rapture of impassioned song,
Mingle our spirits in a sweet embrace?
From the low murmurs of the heavens afar
We caught the music of an answering tone,
And in the throb of night’s remotest star
We felt a thrill of life, all, all our own;
And, by the language of that mystic spell,
Our kindred hearts were bound—we knew each other
well.

“And we have met—have lingered side by side,
And heart to heart, till our two souls became
One thought—one impulse—one o’erflowing tide
Of feeling, lit by one commingling flame.
And thus, supremely blest, we floated on,
And knew not heaven from earth, nor earth from
heaven;
For all of joy that we had ever known,
Or dreamed, to that betrothal hour was given,
And if we paused to ask what world could win us,
We felt that heaven—our heaven—was less without than
in us.

“With thy dear head upon my bosom bowed,
Thy soft hand clasped endearingly in mine;

Thy dark, freed tresses floating like a cloud
Of midnight glory round a lonely shrine,
I felt thy throbbing heart, close to my own,
Rehearse the language of our inmost bliss;
As twined our arms, so twined our souls in one,
And clung together in a long, long kiss,
We felt as if, in all created powers,
There was but one life lived, and that one life was ours.

“We talked of love and love’s elysian bowers,
Bathed in the hues of an eternal youth,—
If all must end in this brief world of ours,
How curs’d was life, and what a mock’ry truth!
And when I said, IF, in some realm afar,
Such love as ours should not forever glow,
Thine eyes were lifted to one blessed star;
And when we spoke of Death, thou seem’dst to grow
So near to me, I FELT THY DEAR HEART ACHE,
And thou didst weep as if that gentle heart would break.

“’T is past—but calm and steadfast now
A holy spell broods o'er the treasured past;
Each word—each fond embrace—each sigh and vow
Are links of love forever round us cast.
AND THOU ART MINE! Has not our love been tried
Beyond the first wild glow of Fancy’s flame?
By absence proved—by trials purified,

Shall it not burn unceasingly the same?
And we will learn hereafter, best of all!
That love like ours survives the coffin and the pall."

R E P L Y.

Yes, we had met in heart communion oft
Before I turned confidingly to thee;
Met on the sunset's verge—in moonbeams soft
And in the starry realms of Poesy.
The twilight's verge was then our resting place,
And, mounting there, our kindred souls had striven,
By love's own light that glowed within, to trace
The matchless glory of that far-off Heaven,
And, floating thus, above this vale of tears,
We caught the distant music of unnumbered spheres.

Such confidence, such perfect, trusting love
I ne'er had dreamed of—knew not I possessed,
Until I saw thy lips in whispers move,
And heard them all their secret hopes confess:
Then, as thy warm breath mingled with mine own,
My heart, soul, spirit, seemed to cling to thee;
Thou wast my life and I was all thine own—
'T was rapturous bliss and untold ecstasy!
Dear one, if loving thus can be a crime,
Sure angels go astray in the celestial clime!

'T is past, and we are severed : thou afar
 No more canst soothe my spirit's wild unrest ;
 The future holds for me no cheering star
 Of Hope, nor is the present truly blest
 Without thy smile. Remembrance can but hoard
 The moments, jewel-set, I spent with thee ;
 And, as with miser care I count each word,
 Despair wrings out great drops of agony
 From my crushed heart that murmurs " Is it just
 That Fate should sunder hearts filled with undying trust ? "

Ah ! at such bitter seasons Faith grows dim—
 I half forget there is a brighter sphere,
 Till something whispers, " Couldst thou worship him,
 Thy thoughts and hopes would all be centered here."
 Kind heaven, forgive me ! When the whole soul turns
 With such a pleading, longing, strong desire
 To the twin life for which it wildly yearns,
 'T is hard to lift our earth-chained glances higher :
 To bow submissive to His chastening rod,
 Hoping, in time, to trace the providence of God.

YES, I AM THINE ! Those words a wildering bliss
 Wakes in the inmost fibre of my frame ;
 The same as came with thy betrothal kiss,
 And thrills me yet whene'er I breathe thy name.
 NOW AND FOREVER. Let the starry host,

Mute witnesses of this I waft to thee,
Repeat the sound till every word is lost
In the dim mazes of Immensity.
Then, let the angel choir catch up the strain,
And breathe it, heaven-recorded, in thine ear again.

Yet not at first these lines were penned :
Not till he knew me as a friend,
And learned I scorned what he disproved,
And sacred held the things he loved.
The morning dew, the twilight hour,
Enthralled me with a spell of power;
The starry isles in Heaven's blue sea,
The night wind, murmuring plaintively,
The rainbow's tear-gemmed form, unfurled,
As if to clasp a ruined world,

The witchery of undying song,
Strains that to loftiest minds belong,
Held both alike, while each full soul
Wept o'er the ills beyond control.
The widow's sighs, the orphan's tears,
The biting want, through weary years
Endured by countless ones of earth
Whom poverty had claimed from birth,
Were common cause for both to cry,
“ Why is it, O! my Father, why ? ”

I mind me how, one eve in June,
We wandered forth—a waning moon
Half lit the sky, it seemed to me
From pity, that the stars might see.
For 't is not oft they may behold
Such rapture in a world so cold;
Nor was it strange those stars should crowd
The verge of night, while every cloud
That intervened, should there be riven,
That I might see the bended Heaven.

But I forget: In years that came
To find me proudly bear his name,
He bade me write, as best I might,
The sweet emotions of that night.
He could have done it better far—
His words had glorified each star,
And mingled with the moon's soft light
A thrill of holy, calm delight:
But then he left the task to me,
A very child in poesy.
And though I might have answered, "Nay."
My sweetest joy was to obey.
I wrote and read it at his will,
The name he gave, "Rosemary Hill."

ROSEMARY HILL.

'T was a beautiful evening in summer,
In laughing, life-teeming June—
That season of birds and of blossoms
That vanishes ever too soon—
That we wandered away from the city,
With its blending of good and of ill,
Nor paused till we stood on the summit
Of verdure crowned Rosemary Hill.

There was dancing and life in the parlor,
And music and mirth in the hall;
Light hearts and glad voices around us,
But we heard not nor answered their call.
So we stole from the throng of gay faces,
Through the star-light so holy and still,
To where nature with dew was baptizing
The brow of sweet Rosemary Hill.

Then, while watching the lights in the distance,
In the life-teeming city below,
He spoke of the joys and the sorrows,
The trials, cares, suffering, and woe,
That gladdened or saddened the spirits
Of the multitudes then at our feet,

And his voice, although mournfully solemn,
Was tender, and witchingly sweet.

Once he spake of the lost and the cherished
He, in worshipping youth, called his own;
The beautiful day-star that perished
And left him in darkness alone.
And though naught dimmed his eye as thought
wandered
Through the vista of long, weary years,
Still I knew, from his quivering accents,
That his deep voice was brimming with tears.

And I—O! that moment was holy!—
My thoughts, like his own, sought the past;
The hours that had vanished forever,
Too bright and too joyous to last.
A pale face, rose, saint-like before me,
A presence the air seemed to fill,
And I felt that two spirits were watching
The dreamers on Rosemary Hill.

Then we turned from the Past to the Present:
All his thoughts seemed an echo of mine,
And my heart, that so long had lain bleeding
Like a withered and storm-blasted vine,

Now rose from the rank weeds of mourning
That round her for long years had grown,
And clasping her love tendrils round him,
Seemed twining her life with his own.

Say, was it the starlight that wakened
Such exquisite joy in my breast?
Or the flock of white clouds in the distance
That fluttered away to the West?
No! No! 't was the dear words he uttered,
Made my soul with wild rapture to thrill;
For he told me—he told me he loved me,
On the top of sweet Rosemary Hill.

And now all the past was forgotten;
Every hope, thought, was centered in him,
For the moonlight of love in my bosom
Made the starlight of memory dim.
And I fancied Heaven's glittering portals
Swung back, at the Mighty One's will,
That the Angels might witness how near them
Were the dreamers on Rosemary Hill.

Since then, when my bright hours are numbered;
When Thought, the wild truant, glides back
To rest in the love-hallowed bowers
Still bordering Memory's track,

O'er one spot, 'neath the moonlight and starlight,
Her pinions droop, tranquil and still,
And she kneels as she blesses the picture
That greets her on Rosemary Hill.

And after this we parted; he to go
And swell the throng that crowds the city's mart,
I to rove sadly where the west winds blow,
And nurse his image in my inmost heart.
I had no word of hope to comfort him,
He held no promised joy to solace me;
The present was but ours; the future dim,
Thick veiled with clouds through which we
might not see.

For both were poor; he, lacking the fierce strength
That grapples hard for gold with earnest strife,
And wrestling thus for gain, that fells at length
All the sweet feelings that had brightened life.
Those sterner harsher natures, half in mirth
And half in pity grasped each ample purse,
And as he passed them, scoffed at mental worth,
Or said the gift of genius was a curse.

It may be so while walking in the shades
That veil our glimpses of the heavenly shore,

But well I know that in the Eden glades
Wealth, fulness, shall be his forevermore.
And there, I know, where poet anthems ring,
Where poverty, nor pride, nor scorn may be,
He sits among his peers, before his King
Crowned with the bays of immortality.

Well, after we were severed, all I craved
Were the fond letters traced by his dear hand;
Their purport, on my inmost soul engraved,
Are fresh to-day, and will, unfading, stand.
How can they fade, those words of deathless love,
Writ as with heart blood, read through blinding
tears?
The all that's left of one who waits above
To bless and guard me through the coming years.

I mind me when the soft October came,
Grand benediction of the summer past,
How, wondering where his absent feet might roam,
And whether they would come to me at last,
I sat me down on bed of crimson leaves—
Perchance the new-made grave of flowers just
dead—
And as a mourner for the absent grieves,
The low-voiced murmurs of my heart were said :

Once again the bright October
Floats adown our forest aisles,
Flooding earth, and air, and heaven
With the glory of her smiles.
Once again go Thought and Feeling,
Hand in hand, o'er Memory's track,
Till my spirit, gliding after,
Wooes the wayward truants back.

And again I ask, while musing
How young Lawrence Grey and I
Clasped our hands and hearts together
'Neath sweet April's fitful sky:
If still true to one another,
We keep waiting, day by day,
Till our cheeks, perchance, are furrowed,
And our locks are tinged with gray,

Heaven will smile at length and favor
The twin souls, by suffering tried,
And bestow in life's October
What its Spring-time was denied;
If our barques till then by tempests
Through life's changeful sea be driven,
Will its sunset close about us
Like a far-off gleam of Heaven?

Then, in that unclouded even,
When Love's whispers greet mine ears,
Will my spirit leap to meet him
Though my form be bent by years?
Will he smoothe my silvered tresses,
And my tottering footsteps guide,
While he tells me that he loves me
More than all the world beside?

Fair October—bright October!
Pleasant fancies dost thou bring;
Though I love the genial Summer,
And the merry, joyous Spring,
O! there 's nothing half so witching
As this blessed Autumn day
That has set my soul to chanting
My deep love for Lawrence Grey.

And did he ever come? Ah, yes, full soon,
Earth was not wide enough to hold apart
Two souls, whose life throes from that sunny June,
Seemed but to pulsate from a single heart.
And though the future held no beacon light,
No siren voice to lure us by its call,
His presence made the earth around me bright—
And with my hand in his, how could he fall?

So when young April woke each early blossom
 And touched the leafless boughs with vernal life,
 He gently laid my head upon his bosom
 And in a tender whisper murmured, "Wife."
 O! blessed sound! the baptism of that hour,
 The memory of my soul's ecstatic thrill,
 Come o'er me now with such o'erwhelming
 power

My heart-strings quiver and my pulse stands still.

"My husband—all my own,"—responsive came;
 Then silence, all unbroken by a sound;
 The voice of each had murmured forth a name,
 And then had died of happiness profound.
 Yes, we were one: if clouds or sunshine fell,
 If blessings crowned us, or should ills betide,
 My steadfast soul should learn to answer, "Well!
 I am content if thou art by my side."

So, hand in hand, we wandered forth alone
 To seek our fortune on the world's highway;
 I wondered then if ever the sun shone
 As bright before as on that April day.
 I wondered if a twelvemonth from that hour
 Our love would be less fervent, or less true;
 Would the same wealth of feeling be his dower?
 Would his unchanged devotion be my due?

O! foolish doubt! O! sacrilegious fear!
That dares to scan divine by mortal range!
For He is Love whose goodness we revere,
And who will dare to say that God can change?
Sweet April comes again—the very day
That witnessed our first meeting: holier still
The morn that bade me give myself away,
And promise sweet obedience to his will.

Ah! we were blind! We both were wholly blind
Who thought we'd climbed the topmost round of
bliss;
And neither woke to turn and look behind
Till Heaven seemed opened with our first-born's kiss!
A multitude of angels sure were there
To catch the first low notes of love profound;
For, as I raised my mother-heart in prayer,
I felt that snowy forms were kneeling round.

Yes, they had borne her pure from Eden climes
And laid her, spotless, on my throbbing breast
On the same day that marked our marriage chimes,
On the same day my hand in his was pressed
For the first time—was ever Heaven more kind
Than this to single from the days of earth,
That it with tenderest thoughts might be entwined,
First meeting, bridal, and our darling's birth?

I thought that he would snatch his lyre and sing
 A welcome to his daughter wild and sweet;
 That strains would tremble from Love's added string
 Whose melody would tell of joy complete.
 But no! his ecstacy was voiceless bliss:
 The gentle touch, the tender, fond caress,
 The new, strange rapture of a father's kiss,
 The look that such deep feeling could express,

Must learn a language broader than our own,
 And be replete with meaning fuller still
 Than ours can reach, to make the transport known
 That wakes the soul to its divinest thrill.
 But I, less gifted, not less blest, must sing
 In simplest measure thoughts that plead to come,
 Or else, perchance, the dainty, winsome thing
 Might think she was not welcome to our home.

So, when the last, bright April-day had flown,
 And May came floating, in her sky robes dressed
 While fairest blossoms round her feet were strewn,
 And my sweet bud lay folded on my breast,
 I would not check the rising thoughts that came,
 Or the fond wish, impelled by Love divine,
 To link these humble fancies with her name,
 And call the passing tribute "His and Mine."

HIS AND MINE.

Soft, my soul, the night is spreading
Twilight o'er the world of calm;
Touch thy harp! in gentlest numbers
Chant with me love's evening psalm.
Let its cadence soothe our cherub
While our fond arms round her twine,
And my heart repeats the chorus—
“ His and mine.”

Sure, to me this earth seems fairer
Since our April blossom came:
Life is dearer—Heaven is nearer,
And new transports thrill my frame.
For there's such a rapturous feeling,
Such an ecstacy divine
Blends with that sublime assurance—
“ His and mine.”

First we thought our tiny stranger
Scarce could claim a love save ours.
So we held her to the sunlight,
And we culled the sweet spring flowers,

Telling them how shy and timid
Was the young life, just begun,
Asking of them smiles to cheer her
Lonesome one!

But we learned she knew the sunlight
From her look of pleased surprise;
And we saw the violets nodding
To the violets in her eyes,
And we watched the roses waft her
Kisses by the viewless wind,
While her red lips sang in chorus,
“Auld lang syne.”

All things pure, and bright, and lovely
Mystic countersigns expressed;
E'en the stream that flowed beside us
Clasped her image to its breast.
And the stars, with bright effulgence,
Made the rippling wavelets shine,
Sent their smiles to cheer and welcome
His and mine.

They had known her, they had loved her,
Known and loved her long and well;
But if here or up in Eden—
This nor star nor flower might tell.

Vainly did I ask each secret
Poring o'er each wondrous sign;
Naught was heard save Love's low murmur—
“His and mine.”

Woman! thou whose thoughtless accents
Name such sacred trusts “a care”;
Mothers! with your jewels round you
Far more bright than kings may wear:
Would you know MY happiest moments?
Know when nearest Heaven I stood?
'T was when her low cry assured me
I had joined the motherhood.

Then the skies bent down to greet me!
Then, to my enchanted eyes
Through those portals, opening earthward,
Burst a gleam of Paradise!
And from thence descending angels
Bore this gift of love divine,
Laid her pure soul on my bosom,
Bade me whisper, “Father, thine!”

Ah! well I know that not by days or years
Our joys are reckoned in that purer clime
Whose glories are undimmed by mortal tears,
Whose buds unscattered by relentless Time.

'T is well, too, that Eternity comes last
And has no end, that life is but a span;
Else who could wait till lengthened years were past,
And bear, through all, the common lot of man?

'T is best, too, that our future is so dim,
Else constant fears within our breast would start;
Had my eye lighted as I gazed on him,
If aught had whispered that we soon must part?
Would the dear baby, smiling on his knee,
With coral lips pressed fondly to his own,
Have cooed and gamboled in her childish glee
If aught within the future she had known?

For seventeen moons, (O! happy, golden time!)
Her young life gladdened his with purest bliss;
And then, (why cometh Death in manhood's prime?)
He bade me hold her for a parting kiss.
O! Maymie, darling! thou wast all too young
To catch the meaning of that stifled moan,
To know the great, warm heart to which I clung
Was hushed and still, and I was left alone.

Alone with thee, the babe he had caressed
And hoped to guard and guide through years to
come;
The crimson lips his own had fondly pressed
The last save mine ere they grew cold and dumb.

The dimpled hands, the tender, untried feet
His care had hoped to shield on life's rough way,
The form round which his sheltering arms would
meet,
As if to hold earth's griefs and ills at bay.

That coffined face! serene and saintly bright!
That manly form, that dear, familiar voice!
Must one stay hidden from my famished sight,
The other never more my heart rejoice?
They bear me, stricken, to my humble home;
There follows, too, a precious freight of clay,
And as I hear those solemn footfalls come,
I snatch my lyre and breathe this plaintive lay:

W A I T I N G .

I am waiting for his coming, I have waited oft before
For the form I longed to welcome when the weary day
was o'er,
For the step whose distant echo on my listening ear would
fall
Like the low refrain of vespers in some dim cathedral hall,
For the smile that beamed upon me when his hand was
clasped in mine,
Till my lips would offer tribute like a pilgrim at his shrine.

Yes, I've waited for his coming with our cherub on my knee,

Till I felt my spirit bounding with its wild, expectant glee ;
Till my being thrilled with rapture, and my heart was
strangely stirred,

Till it quivered in my bosom like a trembling, frightened
bird.

And thus hoping, longing, yearning for his presence and
his love,

I would watch the day retreating and the stars grow
bright above.

Now I'm waiting for his coming with my head in anguish
bowed,

For the coffin's gloom enfolds him—he is coming in his
shroud ;

And I listened with a shudder to the bearers' solemn tread,
As they come to lay their burden where the marriage rite
was said.

Ah ! the years, how few and fleeting since we promised to
be one !

We who thought to walk together till life's pilgrimage
was done :

But the tempest gathered o'er us, and the path was dark
and steep,

And his feet and brain grew weary, so the Father bade
him sleep.

God be with us! Heaven support us when such ills as
these befall;
When the nectar in Love's chalice turns to wormwood
and to gall,
When the cup of Hope seems poisoned, and the springs
of life are dried;
When the forms we love and cherish droop and perish at
our side;
O! in mercy, Father, guide us through this wilderness of
woe,
Clasp our hand in Thine and lead us where Thy will
would have us go.

"I am waiting for thy coming." Through the twilight
still and lone,
Comes a whisper, low and tender, in a dear familiar tone;
And the shadowy brow above me wears the look it used
to wear,
And the sunlight steals as softly through the meshes of his
hair;
And his arms are opened fondly, but my spirit yearns in
vain,
For they cannot reach her prison, and she dare not loose
her chain,
So she kneels in meek submission, with her gaze on
Heaven's blue dome,
Answering gently through the twilight, "Thou'l be
waiting when I come."

How doubly dear my babe grew from that day!
How in each lineament I tried to trace
Some line of him that might unchanging stay,
Some close resemblance to her father's face;
And when I saw her look of pleased surprise
So like the gladdened smile he used to wear,
I raised the silken fringes of her eyes
And bade my famished lips drink largely there.

Once more sweet April comes and brings to me
A sad, sad, dreary day, all wet with tears;
I hold my fatherless upon my knee
And weep with Nature o'er the vanished years.
Then, as my yearning spirit sweeps the strings
That once gave forth a jubilant refrain,
My poor, crushed heart a mournful requiem sings
A low, sad wail of grief to soothe my pain:

ANNIVERSARY.

Ah! Time! relentless, stern and cold!
Why was this day to me unrolled?
Hadst thou no power to hold it back,
Or drop it on thy shining track,

Or, yet; at least, to screen its flight
With the black garments of the night?
Could'st thou but bid fond nature weep
In pity for the tryst I keep?

Our bridal, love! Thy earnest tone
Is blending softly with mine own;
My soul in homage kneels to thine
As pilgrim saint before her shrine:
While thy low whispers thrill and cheer
My waiting heart and willing ear,
And future blessings gleam afar
Like the soft radiance of a star.

Twelve moons in beauty wax and wane,
Then blithely comes young Spring again;
And in her lap the morn I see
That sealed my plighted troth to thee.
Thrice hallowed now; returned to mark
The launching of our tiny barque,
Round whose frail spars my fond hopes twine
With love's own anthem, "His and mine."

Again the trysting time has come—
Ah! heart! why is thy glad voice dumb?
Our blue-eyed babe is on my knee,
But he, the loved one, where is he?

Why comes he not to greet me now
In token of our sacred vow?
Why talks he not of deathless trust?
Have life and love both turned to dust?

Back, back, O! Spring! thy balmy breath
Seems heavy with the dews of death;
I cannot see thy bursting bloom
Through the black cloud that vails his tomb,
I cannot hear thy wooing voice,
That erst made kindred hearts rejoice,
For, ceaseless, through yon azure dome
There rings the haunting cry of "Home."

Home, where his welcome footsteps came;
Where tender accents breathed my name,
Where all the joy that earth could give,
And all the bliss true hearts could live,
Was felt, when last to love's low chime
This cycle moved the wheel of Time,
When last it dropped its golden hours
Upon our hearth in sparkling showers.

But now 't is night; the day is done;
The dying winds repeat my moan;
I sink in slumber—wild and free
My dreams are all of Heaven and thee;

I mount—I soar—the ether blue
Parts its soft haze and wafts me through;
I hear thy voice—I feel thy kiss,
And thought is lost in 'wilderling bliss!

O! 't was a comfort sweet, as years went by,
To watch my precious opening bud expand,
To catch his glance in her uplifted eye,
And feel his earnest clasp in her dear hand;
To note the watchful, anxious look she wore
If aught of grief or care disturbed my rest,
To know that all the tenderness he bore
In other years, was wakening in her breast.

The sunny tresses that enwreathed her brow
Were all his own, in texture and in shade;
That silken hair! I almost feel it now—
As to my cheek her own was fondly laid.
Her loving touch, too, was his very own,
Himself could not have told the twain apart;
How oft she tried ~~its~~ power to soothe my moan,
And grieved to see my wild and sudden start.

They told me she was all too bright to stay;
I must not hope to keep her in the shades;
That angel forms would beckon her away
To where eternal sunshine never fades;

But then, I said, the Father is too kind
To rob my soul of its maternal bliss;
He has one treasure, if I stay behind
The All Compassionate will spare me this!

Thus I believed and let love's tendrils twine
Within her heart's most innermost recess;
Why should I check them? She was wholly mine,
And I was hers, how could I love her less!
The larger portion of my every thought,
The opening and the close of every prayer;
Day held no light for me where she was not,
And night no vision that she did not share.

And I to her was life and joy and light;
She saw no brightness where I could not be;
The gladdest summer day was cheerless night,
Sunless and lone, if 't was unshared with me.
When sickness felled me, dark, forboding fears
Gave her white lips the hue of one bereft,
And she would wildly murmur through her tears,
“Pray, mama, pray that I may not be left.”

We went together once to the dear home
Where he had taken me, a joyous bride;
She stood beside me in the silent room
Where he had stood in early manhood's pride.

I could not bear to tell her all I felt;
She was too glad to cloud her life's young June;
Such grief as mine her tender heart might melt,
And crush her joyous spirit all too soon.

But thou, my lyre, acquainted with my woe,
Must share with me, this ever-fresh regret;
To thee my heart with confidence would go,
And bid thee tell how memory lingers yet
Round every spot made sacred by his love,
Round every foot-path, flowering shrub, or tree
Where he in other days was wont to rove,
Or sit and talk of future joys to me.

T O M A Y M I E .

I have brought thee here, my daughter,
To the place that gave thee birth,
That thy heart may learn to prize it
As the dearest spot on earth;
Not because that I might show thee
Marble front or shining dome,
But a quiet, rural village
That in other years was home.

Thou art prattling lightly, daughter,
For thy spirit may not hear
The whispers, low and tender,
That are falling on my ear;
Thou art smiling, too, unconscious
Of the shadowy face I see,
Or the form that glideth backward
Through the vanished years to me.

O! tread lightly, lightly, darling,
While we climb this verdant hill,
For the memories clustering round it
Make my inmost being thrill.
Up this path his footsteps hastened
When the busy day was o'er,
And my glad heart breathed her welcome
When he reached yon cottage door.

As I watch thy young feet pressing
Where he trod in other years—
As I gaze on walks familiar
Through the slowly gathering tears,
I forget my soul is burdened
With a grief thou canst not share;
With a deep, abiding sorrow
Resting aye and ever there.

For the fervent love I bore him,
Thou, alas! may'st never know;
Thou wast still his "blue-eyed baby"
When his summons came to go,
And his name the only accent
That thy lisping tongue had told;
"Pa-pa!" on thy warm lips trembled
When his own were still and cold.

Clasp thy hand in mine, my own one!
In this chamber let us rest
Where my eldest born in rapture
To my bosom first was pressed.
Where my full heart seemed o'erflowing
With its strange, maternal bliss,
When thy brow received the baptism
Of a father's welcoming kiss.

Is his spirit watching o'er us?
Is it hovering, noiseless, nigh?
Marks it all my spirit yearnings,
Counts it every smothered sigh?
Will it watch and guard thee, daughter,
Through the years, perchance, to come,
And be near to guide thee upward
When the angels call thee home?

Earth is fleeting—Heaven unending:
Days that mark our spirit's birth
Must be holier to the angels
Than our entrance upon earth.
Then we'll gladly heed the summons
When they call for you and me,
For 'twill waft us to the loved one
Who has crossed life's troubled sea.

Once we were parted. 'T was the longest moon
That ever waxed and waned above my head;
All the sad days and nights of that long June
I felt as if all life and hope were dead.
"If she be only spared to reach her home,"
I whispered softly to my yearning heart,
"O! not again my precious one shall roam,
And not with my permission will we part."

AND THIS WAS BUT LAST YEAR, THIS VERY TIME,
Her little Journal and her letters tell.
I would not call her back from that pure clime,
But ah! 'tis hard without her here to dwell.
Last June my calm endurance all gave way,
My longings took the form of numbers wild,
And thus I wrote:—(But O! to think to-day
I nevermore may welcome back my child!)

Maymie, come home! I am lonely without thee;
Day time and night time I'm thinking about thee,
Home is not home unless thou, love, art near me,
Life is a shade when thy smiles may not cheer me.
Only in dreams does contentment steal o'er me,
When thy dear image bounds lightly before me;
Then, when my full heart's caresses would hold thee,
Slumber forsakes and I may not enfold thee.

Well do I know thy young heart must be yearning
As is my own, for thy joyful returning;
Others, perchance, are content though they sever,
Thou, love, and I can be parted ah! never!
Deeper our love grows as years gather o'er us:
Truer our hearts beat when clouds rise before us.
What need we care, sweet, for boisterous weather
So we can meet it and share it together.

Darling, come home! Twilight shades deepen round me,
Silence and night to past memories have bound me,
Tones from the Eden-land tenderly call me,
Whispers of spirit-love thrill and enthrall me.
Well does he know who has passed on before me
When aught of sadness or longing steals o'er me.
Well does he know that this gloomy oppressing
Comes from the lack of thy gentle caressing.

Then, dearest, come! while all nature is pleading;
Song-bird and flower, for my wish interceding;
Clustering buds make the parent rose brighter,
And from the full nest the bird notes fall lighter.
What were the vine without tendrils to hold it?
What were the heart without love to enfold it?
What were this life if thy voice might not cheer me,
Or thy dear form might not ever be near me?

Ten golden years, with diamond moments set,
Had well nigh closed around her, when there came
A look into her eyes that haunts me yet—
A chilly, quivering tremor through her frame.
But yet she rallied when she heard me sigh,
And said, "Mama, 't will be my birth-day soon—
The sixth of April: come, beside me lie
And let me tell you how to fix the room.

"We'll gather in the parlor, for the noise
Might trouble grandma, she is frail and old;
You 'll let the children come, both girls and boys,
And if you think it will not be too cold
I 'll dress in white, you dressed me so, you said,
On my first birth-day—mama, do not weep!
But this reminds me of the day you wed;
There, fold me in your arms and let me sleep.

“But first I’d like to tell you of a dream
I had last night; it all appeared so plain;
I thought we all were standing by a stream,
You, grandma and myself, and that there came
A strange, dark figure in a shadowy boat;
He landed close beside us, and then cried,
‘To-morrow morn my barque will be afloat,
And one of you must seek the other side.’

“O! how I shuddered as I clung to you
And, awed by fear and terror, held my breath;
For, with that boat and boatman full in view
There came into my mind a thought of death.
I asked you which must cross the stream alone,
You said they gathered first the ripened grain,
And then I turned to grandma with a moan,
And felt my little heart grow full of pain.

“But time went by, I thought; the morrow came,
I folded grandma in a warm embrace;
But when the boatman came he called my name,
And said that I must fill the vacant place.
For your sake, mama, how I plead to stay!
Or else, I begged, that both might cross the tide;
His only answer was, ‘Thou must obey,’
And, ‘Friends await thee on the other side.’

“And then he led me to the river’s brink,
And as the surging waves around us broke,
I felt as though our fragile barque must sink,
And with a shriek of terror, I awoke!
The dream has meaning, mama. I must go,
While you and grandma wait the boatman’s oar;
But then I ’ll be all safe and warm, you know,
And ready with a welcome on the shore.

“Though Heaven be glorious, I had rather wait
Until you join me, than to wander far;
I ’d sooner stand and listen at the gate,
For years to come than seek the furthest star
And widen thus the space ’tween you and me.
Don’t weep! but often sing my favorite tune,
And have the children join with thoughts of me,
‘Yes, we will gather at the river,’ soon.”

Who that has seen some household idol fade
Like opening bud before the chilling blast,
Can faintly know His sufferings when He said,
“If Thou wilt, Father, let this cup be passed.”
And whosoever, when that life hath fled,
Can bow submissively and drain the cup,
And cry “Thy will be done,” though Hope has fled,
Has faith enough through life to bear him up.

I knelt beside her and, despairing, prayed;
 Her little, pleading voice caught up the strain:
“O! spare me, Father, for her sake,” she said,
 “Give me back life and strength and love again!”
“Or if, my Father, it seems best to Thee
 From future woe to take my treasured one,
Do as Thou wilt, for Thou alone can’t see,
 Give me but faith to cry, ‘Thy will be done!’”

I rose and kissed her while she faintly smiled;
 Her breath grew shorter, and her pulse beat low;
“The morning dawneth; ’t is thy birthday, child!
 God gave thee to me just ten years ago.
Thy father laid thee in these waiting arms
 Amid the shadows of the morning dim,
And now, with all thy childhood’s added charms,
 I yield, and give thee back to God and him.”

The dying grasp was tightened round my own,
 As if to bear me with her in her flight;
“Thou’rt going, love,” I said, “but not alone,
 He bears thee upward to the world of light.
Thy mother’s voice shall be the last on earth
 To soothe her darling ere the chord is riven,
And at thy spirit’s new and glorious birth
 Thy father’s first to welcome thee to Heaven.”

Thus she went from us in the morning gray,
Her earthly and her heavenly birth-day, one;
Leaving behind her only pulseless clay
And a crushed heart to cry, "Thy will be done."
We robed her as she said, in spotless white,
And lifted grandma for a parting kiss;
Then bore the lovely burden from her sight
And bade the children come. How they would
miss

The kindling eye, the earnest, welcoming voice,
The hand's warm pressure and the beaming smile;
But they all gathered there, both girls and boys,
And as they stood around, and gazed, the while,
I bade them sing the songs she loved so well:
Their Sabbath greetings and their closing lays;
And, as their trembling accents rose and fell,
I felt an angel voice had joined their praise.

"T was her delight in concert thus to meet
The children in the Sabbath morning's glow;
To sit and learn with them the story sweet
How Jesus came to bless them here below.
And can it be that never, never more,
Her joyful voice will join the sacred songs?
That not till I have reached the shining shore
My ear will catch the tone for which it longs?

Yet hush! sad heart! my loss is her release!
What is the school below to that above?
How will our Sabbaths here compare in peace
With that serener day that dawns above?
What melody—what cadence half so sweet
As swells when angel-fingers sweep the strings—
What prayers, with such adoring love replete,
As when the seraphs bow with folded wings?

While here, she loved each prophet's life to trace,
And tell of all the trials they had passed;
But there, she sits with Moses, face to face,
In the fair Canaan that was his at last.
And father Abraham will not pass her by:
I thought of Isaac all the night she died,
And asked, as searchingly I turned my eye,
If aught for my pet lamb might be supplied.

O! holy Samuel! guide her o'er the strands,
And through the Heavenly Temple, large and fair,
Because the picture of thy clasped hands
In early childhood bowed her soul in prayer.
Show her where Daniel sits—where David sings
In loftier measure, more seraphic Psalms,
Then lead her gently to the King of kings
Who bade his children here to "Feed His lambs."

And, mother Mary, I must plead with thee
Sometimes to clasp her to thy loving breast;
Else her fond, yearning heart will long for me,
Though Heaven be gained and all its joys possessed.
Not to the Virgin Mary do I kneel;
Not to the holy saint my numbers flow;
But to the MOTHER whose true heart can feel
Because it once endured a kindred woe.

And, Maymie! when thy golden harp is tried;
When strains of love fall sweetly from thy tongue;
Fold thy white wings, and at thy Savior's side,
Let the wild yearnings of thy heart be sung.
Kneel, darling, kneel, and ask for what thou wilt;
I know the wish c'en angels may not smother;
Not to be made more free from sin and guilt,
But that thy mission be to guard thy mother.

And if my spirit falter ere this cup
Of bitterness be drained—this large supply,
Reach down thy little hands and hold me up,
Else I must wholly sink and helpless, die.
Yes, darling, pray! thy earnest voice can plead,
That on thy viewless pinions thou may'st come,
To hover near, in this my greatest need,
And then be near, at last, to guide me home.

I thought to see thee blossom and expand
From girlhood unto womanhood, and then,
See the betrothal circlet on thy hand
Which told that thou had'st wed the best of men.
All the dear letters of our plighted love,
Thy father's and mine own, were kept for thee,
That thou mightst learn that most like Heaven above
Were manhood's trust, and woman's constancy.

I fancied thee a wife, as blest as I
On that sweet April morn of other years;
No purer rapture wedlock could supply.
And though, perchance, I'd yield thee up with tears,
'Twere best for thee; my love could ne'er be less,
And his might be thy anchor and thy stay,
If thou should'st lose my wealth of tenderness,
If in the future I were called away.

I pictured thee a mother: clearer far
The well springs of thy life, thenceforth, would run,
I called thy girlhood's love a steadfast star,
What came with motherhood a quenchless sun,
A chainless river, deepening as it flowed—
Broadening and widening as it neared the sea;
A flame to warin thy soul until it glowed
In the white radiance of eternity.

O! man may climb the topmost round of fame,
And smile in triumph, on the rocky steep;
In characters of blood may write his name,
While woman's portion is to watch and weep.
Yet who would barter all the love that glows
With quenchless fervor, in a mother's heart,
E'en though that love be bought with anguish-throes,
For all that man can reach, or wealth impart?

And even though, like mine, her hopes be crushed—
Her blossom blighted and her day-star fled,
Though the glad voice is here forever hushed,
And the sweet lips that sang, all cold and dead,
'T is not in hopeless grief her head is bowed—
'T is not in wild despair she meets His will;
For, mounting past the coffin and the shroud,
Her soul is in other of an angel still.

How saintly was the look her features wore
Before I saw the coffin lid go down;
That marble brow, I kissed it o'er and o'er,
And left my tears among her tresses brown.
That cold, cold cheek! Those lips so pale and still,
Would never more unto mine own be pressed;
Those little hands so quick to do my will,
Were crossed and quiet on a silent breast.

O! be ye guarded what ye do or say
Before a mother when her child is dead;
Move with hushed tread beside the pulseless clay,
And in low whispers let your words be said.
Remember of her life it was a part;
Remember it was nourished at her breast;
That she would guard it still from sudden start,
The ringing footfall, or untimely jest.

We bore her back to the old home she left
With strange reluctance only months before;
How doubly there my poor heart seemed bereft
To miss her smiling welcome at the door.
The constant feet that used to stand and wait
To welcome me were gone: I could not see
Her form come bounding through the wicket gate,
Or hear her tones of joyful, childish glee.

We moved the sod from off her father's breast,
And laid her down to her serene repose;
Upon his bosom she will sweetly rest
As withered bud beside the parent rose.
Together may their dust be mingled here—
Together may their deathless souls be blest,
And may my ashes gently molder near,
Close, close beside them when He bids me rest.

I've done the saddest thing to-day
That ever fell to woman's lot;
I've folded all her clothes away,
And every treasured plaything brought
To lay beside them, one by one—
Her birthday gifts and Christmas toys—
And then to weep, when all was done,
O'er buried hopes and vanished joys.

Her little dress, in childish haste,
Her own dear hands had laid aside;
Upon the pins that held the waist
I pressed my lips and softly cried.
Within her gaiters, 'neath my chair
Two half-worn, crimson stockings lay,
And, with a pang of wild despair
I bent and hid them all away.

The purple ribbon that she wore,
The coral rings and pin were there;
And just beneath them, on the floor,
The silken band that tied her hair.
A handkerchief that bore her name
Was folded like a tiny shawl;
And, wrapped within this snowy frame,
Just as she left it, was her doll!

It bled afresh, this wounded heart,
As if with some new sorrow stung,
As with a wild and sudden start,
I came to where her cloak was hung.
I caught it, sobbing, to my breast,
As if it held the missing form,
And, in low murmurs, fondly blest
What once had kept my darling warm.

Her gentle fingers seemed to glide
Across my brow to soothe my pain,
As, from the pockets at the side,
I drew the gloves that still retain
The impress of those loving hands,
Whose magic touch seemed fraught with
power
To cheer me 'mid the scorching sands
Of sorrow, in life's desert hour.

Her little hat no more will take
To its embrace her sunny hair;
I felt that my poor heart must break
To see it lying, empty, there!
The beaming eyes it used to shade,
No more with trustful glance will shine;
The grass the early spring hath made
Is growing 'twixt her brow and mine.

Her silk and thimble both were laid
With thread and scissors on the stand;
Her dolly's dress, but partly made,
Seemed waiting for her molding hand.
The drawing of a blighted vine,
Torn, ruthless, from a withered tree,
Meet emblems of her life and mine,
Were the last lines she traced for me.

O! was there ever grief like this?
Can sorrow take a form more wild
Than sweeps across us when we miss
The presence of a darling child?
And is there any thought that cheers
Like this, the heart by anguish riven:
That Time was given to mark our tears—
Eternity to measure Heaven.

I must learn to live without thee, must, unmurmuring,
learn to wait
With my soul bowed down within me, weary, lone and
desolate;
Though my poor, crushed heart still yearneth, all her
pleading cries are vain,
For the shining ones who took thee, may not bear thee
back again.

O! it seemeth so mysterious that the Father thought it best
Thus to rob me of my treasure, when the mansions of
the blest

Were all full to overflowing, while around the mercy-seat
Such a multitude of voices joined in praises low and
sweet.

I must learn to live without thee, but 'tis only for a time—
I shall see thee, know thee, love thee, in that fairer, purer
clime!

I will search among the angels till I find thy radiant
brow,

And will fold thee to my bosom as I long to clasp thee
now.

Thou wilt pause to bid me welcome, though the bright,
angelic throng

May have taught thee every anthem, every full and glorious
song—

Thou wilt hush thy harp to greet me; thou wilt show
me, by thy choice,

E'en the minstrelsy of Heaven may not drown a mother's
voice.

I must learn to live without thee; thou wilt watch and
wait for me

Till the boatman comes to bear me over Death's dark,
mystic sea;

'T will be easier far to heed him, when his summons bids
me come,

Than if thou wert left to mourn me in a clouded earthly
home!

O! the thought of thy fond welcome is the day-star of my
soul,

And in dreams I leap to meet thee, spurning distance and
control;

So I am not quite forsaken, though of life and love bereft,
While thy spirit hovers o'er me and this blessed hope is
left.

'T is not death, but only gliding
Upward through the pearly gate,
Just to see that all is ready;
Just a little while to wait.

Just to fan the Eden bowers
With her new-tried angel wings,
And to sweep her snowy fingers
O'er her harp of golden strings.

'T is not death, but only mingling
With those bright, angelic throngs,
That the blessed ones may teach her
All their grand, triumphant songs.
She will learn them of the angels;
She will know them when we come,

And, before we reach the portal,
We shall hear her, " Welcome home!"

'T is not death, but only hastening
To the loved ones gone before,
Just to learn how love unmeasured
Shall be hers forevermore.

Just to feel her spirit folded
In a father's warm embrace,
And to gaze, with joy and rapture,
On an angel sister's face.

'T is not death—the soul's releasing—
Bursting of its prison bars—
Bounding back to God who gave it—
Mounting upward to the stars—
Is but life—it is life eternal
Here to close the weary eyes
But to open them, with transport,
On the beams of Paradise.

'T is not death: we have not lost her:
She has only gone before,
Just to hold a welcome ready
When we reach the shining shore.
Earthly ties are loosening round us,
Earthly hopes are laid aside;
Here in flesh, but there in spirit—
Heaven is home since Maymie died.

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October days! October skies!

What memories do ye bring to me,
Of tender words and fond replies
And joys that nevermore may be!
A father's smile seems blent with thine—
He loved thee, bright October, best;
And one whose life was linked with mine,
Beneath thy leaves was laid to rest.

'T is but a year ago to-day,
We bent together all alone,
And brushed the withered leaves away
That moaned beside his burial stone.
She paused and laid her little hand
In mine, in her own, earnest way,
And asked, "O! can you understand
Why some must go and some must stay?"

"Not here, dear love, I cannot tell;
Life is a mystery, dark and deep—
I only know He doeth well
Who 'giveth His beloved sleep.'

I only know to live and trust,
And thank the Father, day by day,
Though cherished forms have turned to dust,
That **THOU** art spared to cheer my stay."

One arm around my neck she twined,
The other round the cold, cold stone,
As with the sad autumnal wind
Her low voice joined in plaintive moan.
At length she spoke:—"Come, mama, kneel,
And here, beside him, let us pray
If Death should come our doom to seal,
That **BOTH** may go, or **BOTH** may stay."

Then, closer to my yearning heart,
I fondly pressed my treasured one,
And murmured, "Should He bid us part
May either cry, 'Thy will be done!'"
But, 'twixt deep, bursting sobs, she said,
"O! may I never see the day
When thou beneath this sod art laid—
When thou must go and I must stay."

Dear, precious, darling child, 't is well!
He knew that I could bear it best,
When on our home Death's shadow fell,
And thou wast early called to rest.

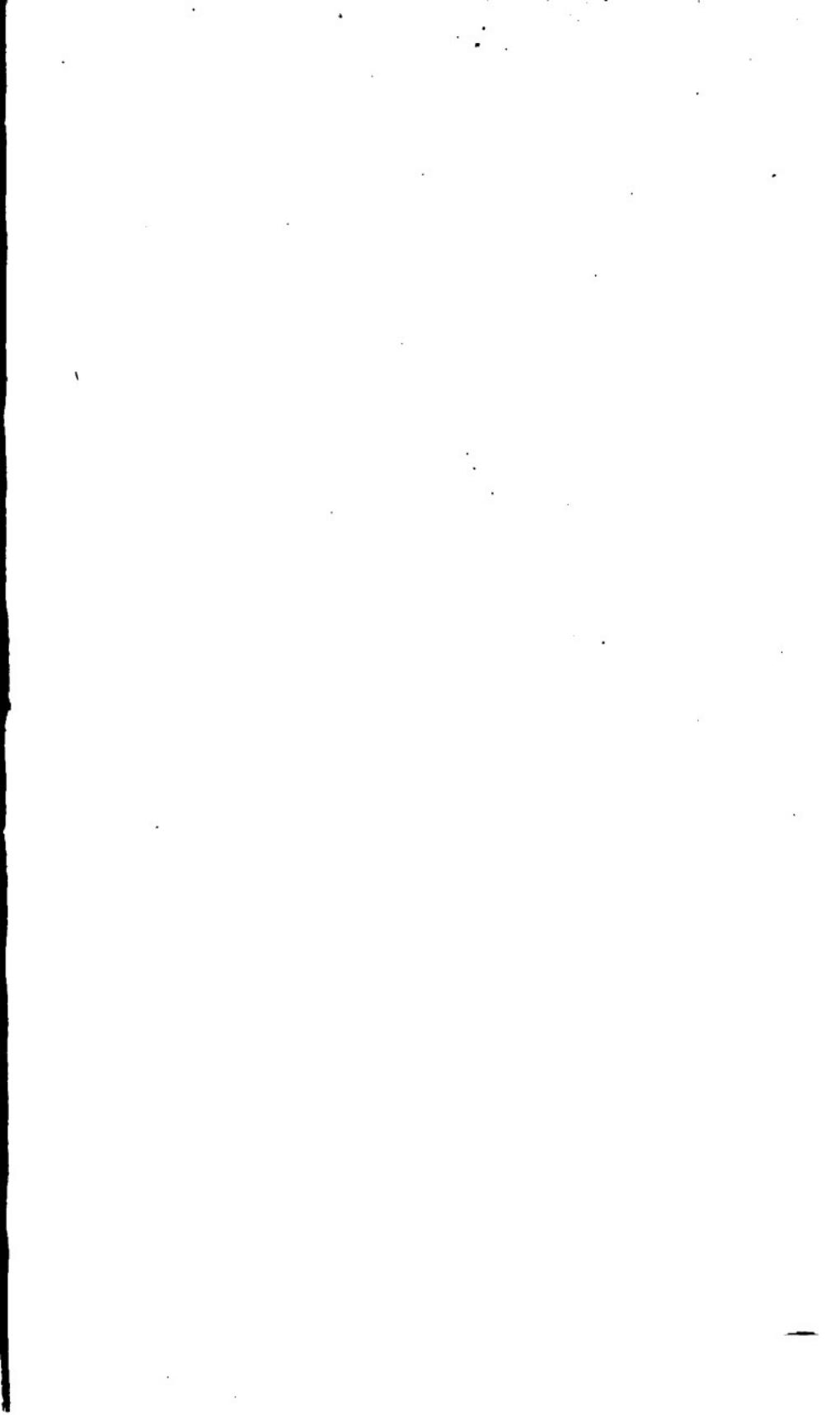
He knew thy gentle heart would break
Should hopes be crushed, or friends betray,
And so, in love, for thy dear sake,
He called thee hence, and bade me stay.

Smile not on me, October skies,
But gild the spot where they repose;
And Autumn wind, go, waft my sighs
To withered bud and parent rose!
The loving arm that clasped the stone
Is moldering in his grave to-day,
While I, afar, must weep alone
That some must go and some must stay.

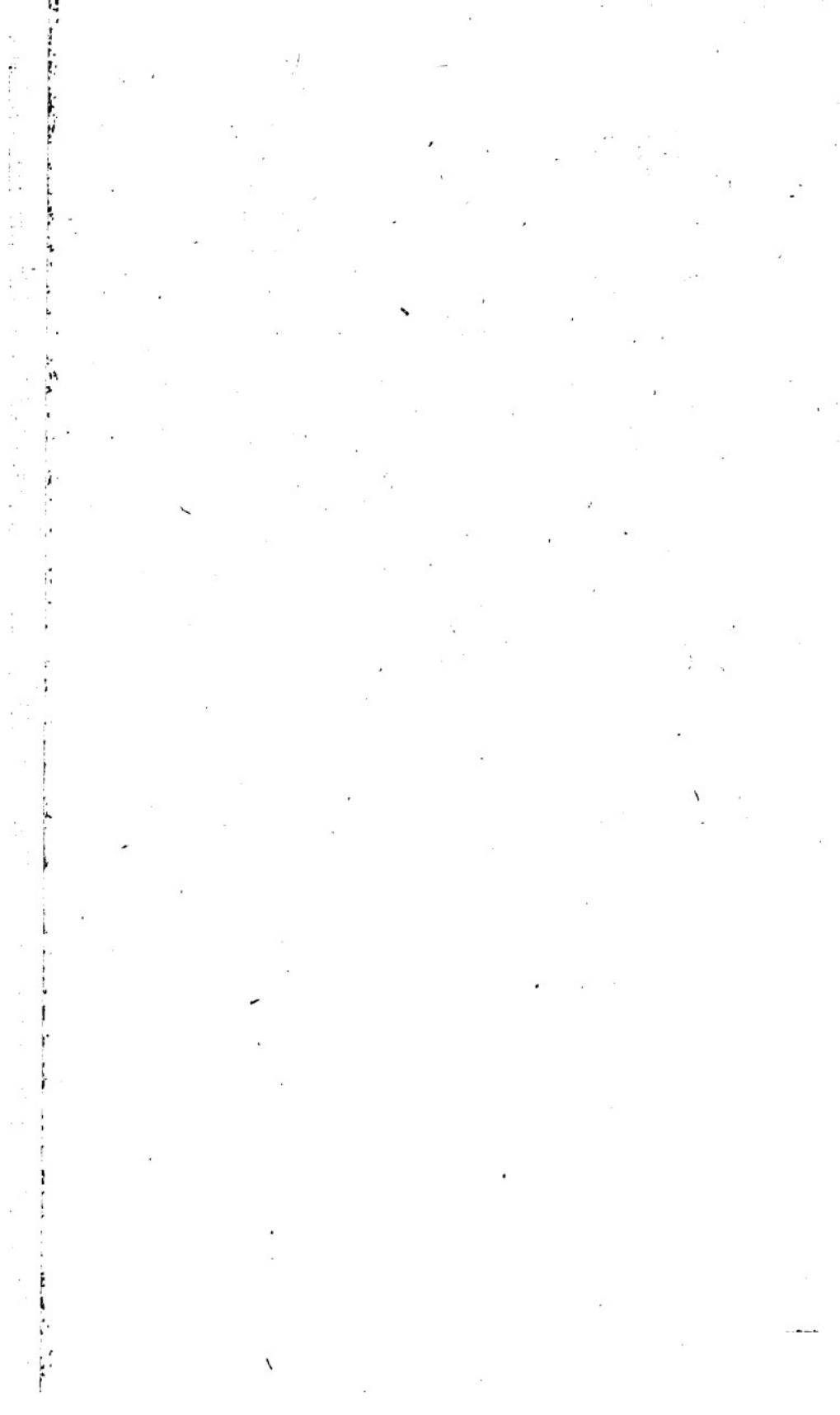
Yet not alone; on viewless wings
Her deathless soul is hovering nigh
To mind me of the glorious things
She waits to show me, by and by.
She points me, with her shadowy hands,
Beyond the clouds, to endless day,
And tells me now she understands
Why some must go and some must stay.

T H E E N D .

CK







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